startled him out of his meditations.

eye could add to his torment with its

questioning glance. There, under the trees, where he and Dora played in childhood, he walked to and fro, one sentence ringing in his ears like a sentence of doom: "We can all see she doesn't love him." It was hard to

come down from the pinnacle where he had imagined himself crowned king

f one heart. When Dora, only fifteen, had given

him her hand so confidingly as they walked together in this very grove—

only it was morning then, and spring-

time, and the air was filled with th

scent of wild crab-apple blooms, and she wore them at her throat; how

ever assailed him. He knew her devo-

tion to art and was proud of her suc

cess, but he had never dreamed that i

"Have I been so blind?" he ques-tioned. "O, my little Dora!" Something must be done, and that at

once. Should be go to Dora and ask if

these things were true? That would be

like saying: "Have you been deceiving me all these years?" He could not do

another day shall come, and then mut-ters to himself: "Fool! What if it

must last a lifetime? What if I am

victim found it unnecessary to say a

word; it was, in fact, quite impossible

believe in her bright looks, everything

seemed so unreal, his life was so shaken

And so he finished the evening

as best he could, and all night long hi

number of young guests, and Dora

Fred Long was just now taking

well-earned vacation. After years of hard work and months of illness he had

come back to the home of his childhood

to regain lost health and strength. He had called this the happiest summer he had known, but now an untimely frost

had spoiled its beauty. Among the

friends whom Dora was entertaining her cousin Plorence Freeman was th

only one he had previously known. Naturally they drifted together during these miserable days. With Dora he

was suddenly ill at ease and restless;

her quick eyes noted, the change, and looked about for a cause. Those same

quick eyes noticed the walks and talks

with cousin Florence. "No wonder she admires him," she said, with a sharp little pang at her heart, mentally con-trasting tall, handsome Florence with

Presently the fleck of merry school

girls took flight. "Only Florence, and

you, and I," said Dora; "just as it used to be." But for both the old charm was

One day they walked together along

the bank, and Dora said: "Our play-

back to my law books and you must

A light came into her eyes. "Then am to go on painting?"
"Yes," he said, slowly. "I am mak-

ing this sacrifice for you. I do not wish

Yes; perhaps more. Give me

she had this additional motive.

He does not care.'

away and were gone forever.

exchanged at regular intervals-Fred's

"Yes," he answered: "I must

have time for your painting.'

must be everywhere.

her own little self.

destroyed.

time is done.

heart tormented him with cease

duty.

make some commonplace excuse.

would be his rival in her affections.

HABEAS CORPUS.

My body, eh? Friend Death, hownow? Why all this tedious pomp of writ? Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow For half a century, bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more to-day Than I do where it can be found! This shriveled lump of suffering clay, To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace
To the good body once I bore;
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face;
Didst ever see that face before? Ah, well, Friend Death, good friend thou

art, The only fault thy lagging gait, distance pity in thy heart For timorous ones that bid thee walt.

De quickly all thou hast to do, Nor I ther mine will hind rance make; I shall be free when thou art through; I grudge thee naught that thou must take:

Stay! I have lied; I grudge thee one, Yes, two I grudge thee at this last— I wo members which have faithful done My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine, I grudge thee this quick-beating heart; They never gave me coward sign, Nog played me once a traitor's part

I see now why in older days
Men in barbaric love or hate
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,
Shrined leaders bearts in cosily state;

The symbol, sign and instrument Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife, Of fires in which are poured and spent Their all of love, their all of life. O feeble, mishty human hand! O fragile, dauntless human heart! The universe holds nothing planned With such sublime, transcendent are

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine Poor little hand, so feeble now; Its wrinkled palm, its altered line, Its veins so pallid and so slow— · · · · (Unfinished here.)

Ah, well, Friend Death, good friend tho I shall be free when thou art through.

Take all there is take hand and heart!

There must be somewhere work to do.

—Bu the Late Helen Jackson, in Contary.

BOTH MISTAKEN.

Light Words Which Wrecked the Happiness of Two Lives.

A cool breeze blew up from the river-It played among the reeds and tall grasses on the bank and ran lightly up the slope toward the white mansion on the hillside, fluttering the vines that fringed the wide piazza where a group of young girls sat chatting, resting, or busying themselves with dainty needle-

"What a delicious breeze!" exclaimed Florence Freeman, rising as she spoke. The slender, thoughtfullooking young man reclining unseen in the depths of a large easy chair just within one of the long windows glanced up from the pages of a book in which he had been absorbed, and his dark eyes followed her graceful figure ad-

miringly.
"It sets me wild to be doing something," she continued, pacing up and down the long porch, "Do you know, girls," pausing abruptly, "we're a set of slaves?" "O, Florry!" exclaimed a laughing

voice, "now don't give us a lecture on woman's rights!" "Never fear; that isn't what I was thinking of We are hindered by cirwhat we feel is within us to be and

"Listen, girls," interrupted another voice. "Florry is on her high horse

Now we shall see some prancing."
"Laugh away," returned Florence.
"I'm in carnest. Why must we, because we happen to have drifted into a certain channel, or because a particular course is marked out for us by friends, drift on down the stream or keep on in the same course to the bitter end, even though we must smother the best there

is in our natures in doing so?"-Intense feeling emphasized her words, and her unseen listener found himself wondering what personal ex-perience had prompted them. Amy

Gray lifted her eyes. Duty is often unpleasant," said, "but it is best, after all, to have a settled plan and purpose and cling to them through everything. Think what a chaos would result if we all followed our own inclinations, and, worse than that, whatever might for the moment

be our ruling passion." Florence did not answer for a mo ment; her eyes were roving across the wide sweep of the river, where a white sail glimmered in the afternoon sun

"O, yes; there must be plans, of course, and they must be carried out, or nothing would be accomplished. But take special cases. There is cousin Dora, for instance. Why must she give up her painting to marry Fred Long, merely because she promised to when a mere child and didn't know what she wanted? Of course I don't say any thing against Fred. He is good as gold, but he can't appreciate her talents Why, he has begun to interfere with her plans already. Says she works too steadily, and wants her to give up some work she had undertaken in order to be married sooner. She only laughed over it. Of course she wouldn't say anything, but we can all see she doesn't love him. How can she, when he has no sympathy with her on that subject! Now, why can't she say so, and be

"She feels her responsibility," said Amy's soft voice. "She knows how devoted Mr. Long is to her.'

Sh-h! here she comes," whispere Edith Stanley as a bright-faced girl fluttered up from the garden, like a dainty white butterfly, and perched herself on the steps. A dead silence fell on the group for a moment, and then Dora turned her laughing face toward her cousin: Florry. You were giving a lecture, weren't you? I could hear you 'orating,' but couldn't catch a word of the discourse.

"It's ended now," said Florence coolly, mentally resolving never to be so careless again in mentioning, "spe-cial cases," "and unless some one has cial cases," "and unless some one has know anything about it, for it was quite imprompta." And, taking her cousin's arm, she marched her up and

down the piazza humming a gay air. Meanwhile, within the windows the kind and loving, "Of course," said Dora, "it is his duty," while Dora's were a curious study had her lover but known. Each one a little cooler, a young man sat motionless, his finger still between the pages that only a few moments ago held him spellbound, al-though his world had fallen in ruin around him since Florence began her a little briefer than the last, until by "lecture." Outside the breeze rang the time spring had dressed the fields among the tree-tops and ruffled the and woods in green again poor Fred among the tree-tops and rulled the shining bosom of the river. The shad well-nigh mude up his mind that August sunshine lay mellow on the grass, but he heard nothing, saw nothing.

The tea bell rang suddenly and "This suspense is killing me," he

would say; "but I'll wait-it is better

The girls disappeared with much chat-ter and gay laughter, and he rose me-chanically and walked like one in a And Dora, working herself to shadow over her painting, would think:
"The end can not be far off. He will
soon be free."
Early in the summer Fred found himdream down through the garden and on inte a little grove beyond, his one thought to be alone where no human

self again in the old familiar fraunts, but, alas! the old joyous light was wanting everywhere. A shade, a mist, seemed hanging over everything, and Dora was farther away than ever. There were no merry guests to divide the struction, but so absorbed so her attention; but, so absorbed, so silent, did she seem, he could hardly believe it was the same Dora he had

known in other days.

A week passed by—a week of mingled paradise and torment. Sometimes he would be on the point of saying to her: "Dora, I will stand in your way no longer"; but a faint hope still lingered, and he could not crush it so ruthlessly. At other times he could almost believe himself mistaken—all these months plainly he could see her now, all in white, and the pink of her cheek so like the dainty blossoms—he had taken the gift unquestionably, and no doubts had fearful dream—when her eyes met his so earnestly and seemed filled for a moment with the old, warm light.

They sat together one day upon a little rustle seat, chatting and resting after a walk. Fred had taken some letters from his pocket which he wished testers from his pocket which he wished to show to Dora. A picture fell from among them. Dora stooped to recover it. "Cousin Florry," she murmured, and Fred began making some common-place remark upon its correctness. Then, glancing at his companion's face, he was startled at its deadly

pallor. "Dora!" he cried, "you are ill

me all these years? He could not do
it. He must wait, with what patience
he could, until he could decide for himself. He was work thankful that Dors
had not quife decided to be married in
the fall, as that would be one test he We walked to far You must rest." "No, I'm not ill," she said, almost arply. "How lovely Florence is." sharply. "How lovely Florence is."
"Yes, indeed. She is well-nigh perfect. But there is only one Dora in all could put her to. It is something to have an idea that can be acted upon at once, the world," taking her little, cold hand and he retraced his steps toward the house with this one purpose in view. Now shall he find a minute in which to speak alone with Dora? He feels that he can not bear the suspense until in his. "Without Dora the world is meaningless to me."

Dora's eyes were scanning the dist ant hills. She made no reply. She was steeling her heart against him. "He wants to be true," she thought "but I will have no such love." "Dora, you are not happy."

"She started. "Not perfectly so What mortal is?" "It seems to me I would be if only things could be as they once were

As he reached the piazza a girlish voice cried out eagerly: "O, Mr. Long! where have you heen hiding yourself?" and in an instant he was surrounded by a laughing group, who scolded and questioned with such vivacity that their between us." This was the first allusion he had made to the fact that he had noticed any change in their relations. Dora realized that a crisis was com-

word; it was, in fact, quite impossible. Then Dora rose from the piano.

"Here, Dora!" cried Edith Stanly, "here is the deserter. What shall be done to him?" And they led him before his bright-eyed judge.

Dora had never before seemed to him just as she did at that moments of ar away, as if a great gulf were fixed between them. He could scarcely believe in her bright looks, everything ing. She simply awaited it in silence. She would neither strive to avert nor to hasten it.
"I have sometimes feared that you

and I have been mistaken. That is the right word, I think. If so, I love you too well to ask you to keep a promise which has become pateful to you."

Dora rose from her seat; a sudden fire flamed in her pale cheek. She held her hand out toward him—the to its foundations. It was only by a great effort that he aroused himself to dear little hand that wore his ring. Something in her air bewildered him. He stood a moment motionless, then Dora's first careless glance at his

Dora's first careless glance at his pallid face changed to one of alarm. The light from an open window fell upon it and she saw its deadly pallor. "Why, Fred!" she cried, "you careless boy! You will be siek again. Come and have some tea." And she led the way to the dining-room. How he longed to say: "Come, Dora, I have something to tell you," and then, have She shook him off impatiently and drew the ring from her finger. Now he understood. "Without a word, Dora?" he said, struggling for sel-command as a man might battle for life against the waves of a sea.

seized the hand in both of his own

"What is there to say?" asked Dora her voice clear as a silver bell, while her eyes shone like two stars. And again he told himself that lie: "She is glad!"

something to tell you," and then having her all to himself, pour out these miserable doubts and fears in her ear and so be free from them. But no; here was this crowd of chattering girls
—besides, she must not know he had
such doubts. Even if she said, "I love And so they parted. The tie formed almost in childhood was broken, and they went their separate ways. you," could be be sure she was not say.

Day after day Dora's pale, resolute inc it because she beheved it to be her face bent over her canyas, and she face bent over her canvas, and sh steadied her trembling hand for greater achievements. She worked too hard they said. She was too ambitious; she put too much of her life-blood into the Several days passed before he found an opportunity to speak alone with Dora. The house was filled with a strokes of her brush, and a few months

ended the struggle. He came again to the dear old house beside the river; a crowd of friends had gathered there, but Dora gave them no welcome. Pale and silent she lay and stirred not a finger nor an eyelash for any of their tears. He stood there with Florence, and that still form between them; its smiling lips were no more silent now than they had been in life A dumb patience was marked on the sweet face, but they never guessed its

meaning.
"If she might only have lived!" sobbed Florence.
Fred spoke not, but the bitter cry of his heart was: "If I could only know that she loved me!" And they never dreamed, these two

her nearest and dearest-that they

had slain her. - Chicago Tribune. A GREAT NUISANCE.

The Woman Who Monopolizes the Seat of Four Persons in a Railway Car. Among railway nuisances the per son who brings all his or her baggage into the car, depositing the same upor the floor, the seats and in the aisles

must rank as one of the greatest. Th experienced traveler need not be re minded how often a bulky valise or huge bandbox is installed upon a seat by the side of a passenger, and made to represent a fictitious personage just at present absent from the seat he has taken, and thus secure for the aforesaid passenger the room designated for two With what unblushin effrontery people of apparently good breeding, and especially women, re-verse the back of the seat in front of you to marry me until you have finished this work you have set your heart upon. It will occupy your whole winthe one they have taken, and heap the whole seating space, except that occupied by their persons, with bundles and packages and luggage of almost every year," she said eagerly, quite uncon-scious of the pain her words inflicted, and only anxious for time wherein to form of name, is well understood b prove whether after all these years of who are often ruthlessly crowded out devotion, Fred could be won from her. A few weeks ago she had asked for the of their rights thereby. Indeed, it sometimes seems as though the comlength of time simply because she had undertaken some painting which she wished to finish; and had plans to be carried out which she felt would be cent satisfaction with which an offender of this class surveys the situa tion, the sardonic calmness and cool sadly interfered with by the necessary arrangements for a wedding. Now indifference, while men and women are standing about the passageways or vainly striving to find a place of rest for bodies aching after hours of shop-ping or the hurried walk to eatch the "Very well," came the answer, calm and steady. No trembling in the quiet tones to betray the heart's unutterable train, furnishes good ground for personal attack by which the offending parcels may be widely scattered, if no pitched out of the window altogether anguish as it whispered to itself: "How glad she is to be free even for a In the economy of railroad management, this matter is almost always pro As for Dora, her heart was saying: vided for by the rules of the lines, but the cases are seldon wherein con-And then they talked of indifferent matters, these two foolish ones, and the ductors insist upon the proprieties un-der such circumstances, while only oc-casionally a passenger comes upon the scene with nerve and tact enough to compel respect for the rights of others, especially when the offender is a precious hours in which they might have understood each other slipped Once more apart, their letters were

> -The Status Quo Ante.-The Status Quo Ante.—
> Topalovich and Djirkinftch,
> Michlovitch and Tehakavitch,
> And all the rest that end in Itch—
> Benecky and Adlijch
> To Zaribrod will take their way.
> Vin Krajova and Kaiafat,
> Krajunevatz and Balderfat
> And some that are not quite so fat.
> To capture Aknalaknftuxicklopase

woman, and perhaps traveling alone.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

-Feeding swill to swine does not supply them with water. Give them pure clean water, and they will keep in better condition than without it.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

-Marks on tables caused by leaving hot jugs or plates there will disappear under the soothing influence of lamp oil well rubbed in with a soft cloth, finishing with a little cau de cologne, rubbed dry with another cloth.—Ex-

—Nut Cake: Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of the meats of any kind of nuts.—

The Household.

-The farmer who has experienced the benefits to be derived from a crop of roots, will not be apt to be without them, and the farmer who has not, will easily realize how acceptable they would be, and next year he will grow some-

if he is wise.—Montreal Witness.

The Kitchen Fire: Do not allow the coal to come above the edge of the fire-box or lining. If you do, ashes and cinders will fall into the oven-flues, and they will soon be choked up and require cleaning. Again, if the stove-covers rest on red-hot coals they soon burn out and must be renewed.—N. E. Farmer.

-Orange Jelly Cake: To two cups of flour and two cups of powdered sugar add one-half cup of cold water and the beaten yelks of five eggs, beat four of the whites to a stiff froth, and add also the grated peel and juice of one nice orange; lastly, add one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in jelly tins. - The Caterer.

-Window gardening is attended with some obstacles, not the least of which is over-heating, dryness, dust and insects. The temperature should not exceed seventy degrees, if it can be well avoided, and lifteen less at night. A cold draft upon the plants should always be avoided. Evaporating water upon a stove is as beneficial to plant life as to human.—N. Y. Post.

-Strawberries which are cultivated in rows have been found of far better flavor and of larger size than others which are grown in matted beds and can not be hoed or cultivated. The writer's experience has been that the best fruit and the largest yield of it has been procured by hill cultivation, three plants being set in each hill, eight inches apart, in a triangle, and the hills being thirty inches apart. -

-Cement for Knife Handles: Take one pound rosin and half a pound of powdered sulphur, melt together, and mix in about twelve ounces of fine sand or powdered brick. Fill the cavity of the handle with this mixture, melted. Make the shank of the knife or fork quite warm and insert in place, and let it remain until cold, when it will be found to be firmly fixed. The handles of knives and forks should not be put in hot water .- Philadelphia Press.

INSECTICIDES.

Results of Experiments at the New York

In the third annual report of the Station is to be found a statement of results gained on the station grounds with various insecticides. The experience there led to the opinion that a | -Detroit Free Press special mode of treatment must be adopted for almost every destructive

The turnip flea-beetle was experi-mented upon with several insecticides. A strong decoction of tobacco co proved very efficient when frequentapplied, but its efficacy appeared to be lost after about ten days. Kerosene emulsion, diluted with eight parts of soft water, was also efficient, but the effects, were little if any more lasting than those of the tobacco water and when frequently applied retarded the growth of the plants. Tobacco leaves, cut fine, when placed about the plants of the radish, had a marked effect in keeping off the beetle. This application as well as that of a coction of tobacco seemed to stimulate the growth of the plants. Air-slacked lime, dusted over the plants when wet, proved unquestionably benefi-cial and in dry weather its effects were

quite lasting.

It was noted that the plants of cabbage, radishes, etc., grown in the cold frame are scarcely injured by the fleabeetle. None of the applications used for the flea-beetle had any perceptible effect in preventing injuries from the radish-fly, but satisfactory results were gained by the use of coal ashes.

The only application that appeared to prevent the injuries of the striped encumber beetle was Paris green mixed with water, at the rate of half a teaspoonful to two gallons, and the mixture applied to both sides of the leaves. Pyrethrum or Buhach powder, diluted with an equal bulk of air-slaked lime and applied with a bellows, proved the instant death of caterpillars.

Experiments with Little's soluble phenyle did not prove it desirable on he station grounds. Hammond's slug shot upon trial was proved to be a destrover of insects, but the indications that it was no more or less than London purple mixed with a very large proportion of gas or unslacked lime. If this is so, the claim that it is not injurious to the human family nor to stock is false, and the price at which it sold, is in excess of the value of the in-

gredients. It has been claimed that the Buhach powder will kill the potato beetle when applied to it in the open air. With a view to veryifying this statement, we thoroughly dusted several beetles while on the plants with the pure powder on July 25, and after they had fallen to the ground placed them in a bottle, over the top of which we tied a bit of mosquito netting. The beetles soon re-covered their activity and exhibited no inconvenience as the result of the application. A bit of potato folinge was placed in the bottle in order that the starvation of the beetles might not convey a wrong impression as to the effects of the poison. Later observations, however, showed that this precaution was entirely unnecessary, for on August 29, thirty-five days afterward, some of the beetles were still alive. These applied themselves with their accustomed vigor to potato leaves inserted into the bottle, though they had fasted during a full month.

It was proven that the Paris green and water, cobs dipped in coal tar, and the kerosene emulsion were all beneficial in retarding, if not wholly preventing, the work of the borer. The coal tar application, it is thought, is probably more permanent in its action than either Paris green or the emul-sion. It is assured that it does not destroy the insects, but only repels them, while the other two appear to poison the young magget as it cats its way to

GREENLAND.

Was the East Coast Settled By Northmes

The old controversy as to whether of

not the east coast of Greenland was set-tled by the Northmen, who built thriving colonies on the west coast in the early middle ages, has been decided by a Danish Government expedition, sent out in the spring of 1883 to explore the little visited coast. The early Norwegian records speak of sixteen parishes and nearly three hundred villages on Greenland eight or nine hundred years ago, when it had its own Bishop; but this entire civilization had perished when Davis penetrated along the west coast to the strait that bears his name in 1585. The fact that an "eastern" and a "western" settlement were spoken of in the records led to the belief that both coasts had been settled in the early days, while modern explorations have made traces of ancient habitations on the east side similar to those found along the west coast. The Danish explorers have proved him wreng. They spent two winters on the east coast and penetrated a hundred miles further north than the point (65 degrees 18 minutes) reached by Graah in 1829, mapping out the land and calling it "King Christian the Ninth's land;" but they found no trace of previous occupation, except a beer bottle which the Esquimanx who inhabit these high latitudes had looked askance at for several years, believing it to be somehow connected with the elves of the inland glaciers, which they fear as evil spirits. The explorers were unable to account for the presence of the bottle, that had the name of a wellknown Norwegian brewer blown in the glass, until they learned of Nordenskjold's previous visit to the neighborhood. The coast was quite accessible last summer north of the dreaded glacier Puissortok, and presented an unex-pected view of handsome mountains and green valleys, with very little ice. he must not be worn out in the tread-No doubt remains, from the report of the expedition, that by the "eastern set-thement" in the old record was meant the one further south on the west coast, the one further south on the west coast, for in the lower latitudes this coast trends sharply toward the east. Important ruins have been found there.— Chicago Tribune.

AN AMERICAN FABLE. How the Lion Can Do the Hyena a Great

The Hyena has abused the Lion several months to all other Animals, without Provoking a Retort, and one day met the King of Beasts face to face and said:

"I have been Abusing you for this Many Weeks."

"Ah! I hadn't heard of it." "I have called you All Sorts of

ames."
"Indeed!" "I have Maligned you Professionally, and lied about you Personally."

"And you hadn't heard of it?"

"And if I now Repeat this abuse to New York Agricultural Experiment your face?"

New York Agricultural Experiment "I shall Accept it as Coming from

Cl'ar Beyond. In front of one of the blacksmith shops a young negro was trying to extract a nail from a hind hoof of an ablebodied and vicious-looking mule. An aged colored man came along, watched the operation for a moment, and observed:

"Guess you go to Heaven if dat mule kick you once.

"Reckon not," was the reply.
"Whar den?" asked the old man. "Cl'ar beyond."-Green Cove Spring Fla.) Letter

-- In Portugal nowadays the ballot takes place in the churches, and the box generally stands between a pair of

Maryland, My Maryland.

Maryland legislators, who are always alive to the public interests, have endorsed the new discovery, Red Star Cough Cure, because it contains neither morphia nor opium, and always cures. The price is only

-One minute's imprisonment in jail was the punishment imposed on a man charged in a Clarendon (Ark.) with having sold the products of land for which he had failed to pay the rent. The trial occupied several days, and up-on the verdict being pronounced the condemned walked across the court-room and placed himself in charge of the Sheriff, who took him to the jail, where he served out one minute's time

A paper in Oswego, N. Y., mentions that James Clark and wife "were born, died, and were buried on the same day." The life of this remarkable The life of this remarkable couple was very brief, but exceedingly eventful - Shoe and Leather Reporter

-At the close of the American war The successful essavist certainly serves praise for the brevity of his proluction, which was as follows: "Chapser I. Cause of the War: Texas. Chap-IL Result of the War: Texas.*

-We learn from a reliable exchange that a good, healthy hippopotamus is valued at \$20,000. Here is an idea for the fashionable girls who lead a thou-sand-dollar dog along Chestnut street. Got a hippopotamus and kill the other girls with envy. This suggestion is brown out without any charge.-Phila

writes Minister Hanna from Buenos Ayres. "There is more money here than in any place I ever saw, but just now they are having our greenback days."

Was litteen miles wide at Hatdord and 200 feet deep at Middletown. The mountains between the latter city and Meriden were islands in the river that run to the Sound in two channels, the over again, gold being worth 41 1-2. It new one running over the Wallingford is the most extravagant Government on plains in New Haven.—New Haven Post.

One of the cruelest retorts made by any musical audience is reported from California. A vocalist was warbling to her own great satisfaction, "Oh, would I were a bird." A rough miner replied: "O, would I were a gun." Musical Courier.

There is a noticeable tendency to with the requirements of the Talmud.

-The price of coral has advanced in consequence of the seanty harvest ob-tained in the Mediterranean, Indigo-Carmine.

To obtain indigo-carmine use only a very good quality of indigo, preferably Bengal, which should be washed in a hot diluted solution of sulphuric acid. Then one part indigo and five parts sulphuric acid, 66 deg. B., are mixed together in a leaden vessel; the indigo being first very finely powdered and dried. The vessel should be kept cool and the indigo should be added to the acid a little at a time, the mixture being well mixed. A heating of the mixture should be avoided, as it would cause free sulphurous acid, which would impair the good qualities of the finished product .- Dry Goods Bulletin.

"Stand back, gentlemen! Clear the track!" shouted the police, and as the quickly-gathering crowd surged back, steamer No. 4 came up the street, the magnificent black horses striking fire from the progress only along the west coast.

Nordenskjold, who visited these regions in 1883, believed that he had found traces of ancient habitations on the east

An investigation revealed the fact that in oiling the steamer that morning the steward had neglected to put in the linch-pin. A little neglect on his part had caused a loss of a half million dollars. The busy marts of trade are full of men who are making the same fatal mistake. They neglect their kidneys, thinking they need no attention, whereas if they made occasional use of Warner's safe cure they would never say that they don't feel quite well; that a tired feeling bothers them; that they are plagued with indigestion; that their brain refuses to respond at call; that their nerves are all unstrung.—Fire Journal.

A Wise Statute.

The Board of Trustees of Cornell University have passed a university statute whereby every professor who shall have served seven years at the institution may have a year's vacation on half-pay. This action can not fail to result in great good to the cause of education. It is a declaration of a body of business men that the efficient teacher is not only worthy of his hire, but that mill of the lecture-room; that he is, in fect upon the profession generally .- when applied into the Current.

> PERCHERON HORSES. 40 Years' Experience.

To a Tribune reporter, Mr. A. S.
Chamberlain, who for 40 years has been of taste and smell. the proprietor of the "Old Bull's Head Stables," New York City, said: "I keep exchange and sale stables for Here. A thereugh treat horses, thousands of which annually ment will cure. Agree come to my stables from all parts of cente by mail or at druggists. Send for the country. I don't deal on my own account to any extent. The French

horses have good feet and stand the pavements better than the Clydesdales, and bring a better price on the market. The Clydesdales are short-ribbed, slim waisted and lack action. Comparatively few of them are now brought to this market. The demand is largely for French horses. I would advise the farmer and breeders, who are breeding horses to sell on the New York market, to breed from French horses in preference to all others."—Chicago Tribune. Percheron stallions of the finest quality and with choicest pedigrees, registered in the Percheron Stud Book of France, are annually imported in immense

numbers. Within the past two years 1,000 have been imported and collected by one firm alone.

At the Fine Arts Exhibition. Young Mrs. Blentop to Watkins Debrush, just introduced-The likeness is good and the drawing admirable, but the coloring is abominable-in fact it is a perfect daub.

Debrush-But, madam, it is just like old Sornbeck. His face, you know, is just like a warty apple, and has no more expression than a baked pudding. No artist could make a decent picture "Sir, I would have you understand that we are discussing a portrait of my

father, and--" "And, perhaps, madam, you are not aware that I painted it." Both agree that the etchings are more attractive.—Philadelphia Press

THE bowels may be regulated, and the tomach strengthened, with Ayer's Pills.

-A young clergyman who had come to supply the vacant pulpit of the church in a New England village, had an extremely boyish appearance, and made his way almost unnoticed into the pul-pit, where he was concealed from view by the reading desk in front of him. But an old lady who sat close on the right of the pulpit in consideration of her deafness, was much concerned to see a boy in the place of the expected clergyman. So she arose very softly, stepped on tiptoe to the pulpit-stairs, and, beckoning with her foreinger, whispered loudly in coaxing accents: "Come down, my boy; you mustn't sit there; that's the place for the minister!"

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consump-ion. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c

-A correspondent writes: I noticed in the Evening Post a specimen of Gerwith Mexico, a prize was offered by an institute in one of the rising settlements in the far West for an essay on the war. German grammar some time ago, which perhaps may be new to you: become hen, who to the scratching accustomed was, after that she blind be came ceased not to scratch. Of what to the poor fool availed it? Another seeing hen, who her tender feet wished to spare this observing, yielded not from her side; and as often as the blind-become hen a grain upscratched had, ate it the seeing one away.—N. 2. Evening Post.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in I minute, Sic Glenn's Sulphur Souphenls and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corps a Bunions.

-Prof. Rice, of Wesleyan University, in a recent lecture, told of a freshet at -"This is a wonderful city of over one time when the Connecticut River 350,000 souls, and a revelation to me," was fifteen miles wide at Hardord and

Tax and secure a place in everybody's good-will, not forgetting your rich uncle's.

— Troy Times.

Eveny one is perfectly satisfied who use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

-An exchange says that a bath has been established in Albany, N. Y., where orthodox Jews may bathe in accordance sear the hair longer than usual, and it the Old World, and in some places in the Old World, and in some places in this country. There are two other baths of the kind in the United States.

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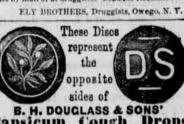
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